

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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"IN the huge mass of evil as it rolls and swells there is ever some good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph." So says Carlyle.

A RECENT editorial in the *Critic* thinks "the tendency of human nature is downward." This philosophy of despair scarcely accounts for the existence of the race, much less for its idealism, its struggles and its progress.

THE *Nation* closes its four-column notice of Mr. Frothingham's "Memoir of William Henry Channing" with this sentence: "If this memoir could be widely read, it might shame hundreds of men and women into a more unselfish, earnest, and devoted life."

ACCORDING to the report of the "Drexel Charity Kindergarten Association" of this city there are 65,000 children between the ages of three and seven in Chicago who do not attend school. What a field for those who believe that "the world is saved by the breath of the school children," and who mean to help the world along on that line.

A WRITER in the *Universalist* makes the following sensible reply to an orthodox minister, who had spoken of the Universalist Church as "the free and easy route," conveying the false and flippant implication that whatever men are and do in this world, they "will finally get through all right":

"The prime purpose of the Universalist Church is to teach men and women to do right, to walk in obedience to the law of God. We labor to save souls from wickedness, vice and error; to turn them into ways of uprightness, honesty, purity and truthfulness. We promise no heaven but that of good character, which is always the result of right conduct; heaven is not a locality; it is found only in obeying the laws of life. We preach the certainty of hell in the experience of the sinner—from that hell there is no salvation save by obeying the right."

THE *Methodist Recorder* contains the following editorial note:

"Some men reject the idea of a personal devil, and substitute in his place an evil influence. But what is an evil influence? and whence does it emanate? Can we have a seduction without a seducer? a temptation without a tempter? an effect without a cause?"

We would refer the *Recorder* to James i, 14, and Mark vii, 23, for light upon the questions here asked.

As a suggestive indication of the transforming spell that seems to have come over the old theology, we quote the following anecdote from one of our exchanges:

"When young men enroll their names for membership at the rooms of the Christian Association in Boston, they also make an entry, often in abbreviated form, of the religious denomination to which they belong. Not long ago a sober-minded man added 'Auth.' to his autograph to define his ecclesiastical connection. 'Isn't that a new denomination, sir?' inquired the clerk. The man looked at him in great surprise, and said: 'What! you never heard of that? Why, that stands for Authodox!'"

To the question, "Don't you admit that a consistent Universalist, despite your not believing his doctrines, will as surely reach heaven as any other Christian?" the editor of the *Christian Union* gives the following very sensible answer in its columns of "Inquiring Friends": "The condition of reaching heaven is sorrow for sin and seeking help from God, in abandoning it and conquering it. He who complies with these conditions has the promise of eternal life, whatever his creed may be."

MANY are afraid that if women were allowed to vote, their religious narrowness would creep into our legislation. Bulwarks of the orthodoxies seem to be held by the sisters. The conservatories of the churches are *manned* by the women. This is the line of opposition to home rule in Ireland, on the score that it would give Romanism the ascendancy. It may all be true, though we doubt it; still, if justice demands it in either case, then let us do the better missionary work for reason and freedom in religion.

THE *Christian Register* of last week contains one of George W. Cooke's careful and able papers; it is an estimate of John Morley and his books, whose position, we are told, "is as one of the accepted oracles of current opinion." "It is with a measured and balanced judgment that he [Morley] decides against all who distrust the methods advanced towards better things." Mr. Cooke himself deserves the high compliment he gives to John Morley: "He never fails to see most of the good there is in the men of whom he writes."

REV. GEORGE A. THAYER's annual report to the Cincinnati Unitarian church is good reading; much of it is applicable to other latitudes, as for instance the following:

"For, although I find an impression prevailing among some of our members that popular opinion is inexorably hostile to our existence, yet I suspect the impression is derived from the recollection of things as they used to be, long ago, or from contact with a few theological zealots, and not from actual observation of prevalent ideas among the majority of intelligent people. Our church has not existed in Cincinnati for fifty years, with an influential body of laymen not surpassed, if equaled, in character, intellectual ability and social

worth by a like number of men or women in any religious body in the city, and with a ministry which, from the beginning, has been conspicuously active and respected in the various educational and philanthropic interests of Cincinnati,—without living down a great deal of the prejudice with which a liberal Christianity has to contend in a new community. And the atmosphere of this city is decidedly favorable to a freedom of thought which, far from looking upon the Unitarian church as a dangerous heresy, is disposed to treat it with more sympathy than it bestows upon the rest of the churches."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, in an appreciative notice of the faithful Doctor Eliot in the *Christian Register*, tells this suggestive story: "Once, when he was in Boston, collecting funds for the Western missions, I went with him to a wealthy Unitarian, who was liberal in many ways. After William Eliot had stated his object, the gentleman said: 'I do not believe much in missions. I think it is of no use sending our doctrines to those whose minds are not prepared for them.' William quietly replied: 'It is, perhaps, fortunate for us that the apostles differed from you in opinion on this point.'"

THE present style of ladies' hats has a friend in Henry Ward Beecher, who writes thus in a recent letter in the *Christian Union*:

"Like George Washington, I cannot tell a lie. The unicorn bonnets at present in vogue are very comely in my eyes; a world finer than the scrumpy patches on women's heads, that were of no use, and were positively homely. The present style gives elevation to the head, and a kind of dignity. I cannot be bribed to decry them. The one valid objection to them is that in churches, theaters, or assemblies they intercept the view. Why not lay them aside for the hour, as women do shawls, pelisses and cloaks, and as men do hats? It would seem a great pity that one should lose the usual objects of going to church merely for the sake of hearing the sermon!"

THE Columbia theater in this city, in announcing an opera season, inserts the following Special Note to Ladies: "*It is respectfully suggested that during this engagement the ladies adopt the custom in vogue in Europe over a century, of removing their bonnet or hat during the performance.*" We wish this suggestion might be followed out, not only at the opera but in the church. How much more quiet and home-like would be the effect, if women as well as men sat with uncovered heads in the church. The bonnet occupies altogether too large a place in the toilet of women, and is what might be called the *landscape* of the modern audience. *A propos* to this suggestion to the women to lay off their hats in the theater, a spirited sister proposes to enter into contract with the men that the bonnets be laid off if they will but refrain from going out "to see a friend" between the acts. A happy suggestion this; the latter practice is a coarse and intolerable survival of ruder ages, which it is high time to leave behind. If gentlemen cannot sit through the entire performance, they had better stay at home, or, if they must go out, let them invite the ladies to go with them.

A FRIEND sends us some pages containing James Martineau's review of Theodore Parker's sermon on the "Transient and Permanent in Christianity." This review was written over forty years ago, but it contains sentences still timely, like the following:

"It is a dishonorable characteristic of the present age, that on its most marked intellectual tendencies is impressed a character of fear. The open plain of meditation, over which, in simpler times, earnest men might range with devout and unmolested hope, bristles all over with directions, showing which way we are not to go. Turn where we may, we see warnings to beware of some sophist's pitfall, or devil's ditch, or fool's paradise, or atheist's desert, or inclosure of the elect. A despair of truth seizes our timid and degenerate men. Checked and frightened at the entrance of every path on which they venture, they spend their strength in standing still, or devise ingenious proofs, that, in a world where periodicity is the only progress, retrogradation is the discreetest method of advance. . . . This intellectual cowardice—connected, like all cowardice, with an unloving and cruel temper—is a fatal indication of religious decline, and a source of the imbecility of the pulpit, compared with the power

of the secular press. . . . Anxiety for a safe creed, and, from reaction, indifference to all creed, are the two bad sentiments with which priestly influence has impregnated the mind of Europe, in place of the natural desire for a true creed. The rarity with which doctrines connected with morals and divinity are looked at, with a single eye to their truth or falsehood, is disheartening to those who know what this symptom implies. The fear of doubt is already a renunciation of faith. With all the talk of infidelity in this age, no one has more certainly a heart of unbelief than he who cannot simply trust himself to the realities of God; who cannot say, 'If here there be light, let us use it gladly; if otherwise, let us go into the dark, where Heaven ordains: owning our helplessness, we shall feel the Invisible Presence near us keeping His holy watch; but pretending that we see, we shall be left to a bleak and lonely night.' . . .

"We propose it as a problem to the curious, 'why men, particularly preachers, are rarely supposed to believe more than they profess; continually less; scarcely ever precisely that, and nothing else.' Is the instinctive shrewdness of the world mistaken in this impression? Not in the least. Secular common sense sees the matter as it is. And, if the very existence of such a rule of interpretation does not show how habitual to the clerical character pretense or self-sophistication has become, we know not how to explain it. Nay, so well understood is the shameful fact that it is openly alleged as a reason for further unverity. . . . To the young soul, burning with guileless truth and love, they say, 'Be cautious. Do not disturb men's minds by novelties. Let their harmless mistakes alone; they cannot safely do without them. Besides, you will be sure to be misunderstood, and supposed to go further than you do. You will really leave the truest impression by a judicious silence, or a mere hint that these things are not to be put upon a level with essentials.' That is to say, if we would obtain credence, we must give forth, not truth, but a lie. Past falsehoods are made the plea for present ones; and such as to-day is, will the morrow also be; and so on to the end of the chapter of hypocrisy, unless men arise who cannot hold the word that is in them, and will cast this diplomacy to the winds. And, after all, it is only the false men that can long 'misunderstand' the true. Natural speech is not hard to the upright; it can put no one out of his reckoning but those who miss in it the 'hints' they have been accustomed to calculate, and their favorite 'silence which speaks for itself.' Honor, then, to the manly simplicity of Theodore Parker. Perish who may among Scribes and Pharisees—'orthodox liars for God'—he at least 'has delivered his soul.'"

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

We can make no better disposition for our editorial space this week than to print, so far as our space allows, the following tribute to the memory of one whose work challenges our profoundest admiration. The particular work which Doctor Eliot accomplished, and his specific methods, cannot be duplicated by another, but his loyalty and courage, his persistency and tireless energy, commend themselves to all people, and are valuable to workers in every cause, and from every new standpoint. We quote from the *St. Louis Republican* the words of an intimate friend and fellow laborer, who is more competent than are we to speak:

"More than fifty years ago, he, a Unitarian clergyman, came to St. Louis as a missionary. At that time there was no Unitarian church in this city. He addressed himself earnestly, warmly and wisely to the hearts of the public-spirited and generous men whom his sagacity discovered among our citizens. He soon procured the erection of the Church of the Messiah at the northwest corner of Fourth and Pine streets, in a city of which Seventh street was then the western boundary. Here he taught and influenced a congregation of unusual intelligence and liberality. They appreciated and supported him as seldom a pastor has been appreciated and supported here or elsewhere. It was soon apparent that the church was too small to accommodate those who wished to profit by his teaching, and in 1851 a larger lot and building at the northwest corner of Olive and Ninth streets were substituted for it, and quite recently the growth of the city has caused another change to the northeast corner of Locust street and Garrison avenue. The advance of years and their concomitant abatement of bodily strength rendered it impossible for him to discharge to his own satisfaction the duty of making himself distinctly heard by every member of his large congregation, and it was part of his conscientious nature not to perform any duty imperfectly. From that time he confined himself to the duties of the chancellorship of Washington

University, performing in that capacity labors which would have proved too great for any other man.

"Washington University was his own creation. On his first arrival in the city he had addressed himself as a spiritual teacher to the removals of the ignorance and wretchedness which are to be found in every large assemblage of human beings. For some years he succeeded only in establishing and supporting what he called a 'Mission School'. Then mainly by his own large individual contributions, which set an example generously followed by members of his congregation and others not members, this was enlarged to the dimensions of a flourishing school. About this time some of his congregation, without concert with him, procured a charter from the general assembly granting some very valuable franchises to this school, and giving it the title of 'The Eliot Seminary'; but in doing this they encountered a characteristic objection from him. It was his peculiarity to efface himself; to do his work—or, as he called it, his Master's work—but not to glorify himself. He availed himself gratefully of the franchises, but only on condition that the name should be changed; and an amendment of this charter of incorporation, creating the Washington University, was the result. The name was august; but the university was without, or almost entirely without, an endowment, and but for him it would have collapsed by reason of this want. He set to work to supply this want. He not only gave his personal aid, his clear judgment, his sagacious counsels, and his contagious zeal, but in cash more than \$100,000, first and last, to this favorite child of his enthusiasm. Many who know that he never was a rich man—that he lived a frugal, self-denying life—and that at no one time did his worldly possessions equal in value the sum of \$50,000, will find it difficult to understand how he could have given such a sum to the Washington University—for in this estimate the magnificent bequest to him made by James Smith, of more than \$200,000, unfettered by any trust, and becoming in point of law absolutely his own, is not taken into account. It is part of the history of St. Louis that every penny of this princely bequest was treated by Dr. Eliot as the subject of a sacred trust, and that in 1883 he rendered an account of the fund, showing the application of every cent of it, not deducting a dollar for commission to the educational scheme connected with Washington University.

"But, besides all this, the assertion is made that his contributions to the Eliot Seminary, the Washington University and the Mary Institute—all of which are really one and the same thing—amount to at least \$100,000 of money to him belonging as much and as strictly as any man owns the coat he wears. How he contrived to give so much—how he acquired the means of giving it—need not be stated here. The explanation will be made to any one who is curious to inquire.

"His zeal, it has been said—his example—proved contagious. Many noble and wealthy men and women did as he had done, except that they gave from their abundance, and Washington University now stands as one of the leading institutions of learning in the valley of the Mississippi—perhaps the foremost of all which have received no endowment from public sources. The Mary Institute, acknowledged by competent judges to be the best female seminary in the country, is a branch of Washington University.

"This great achievement—the creation and endowment of this flourishing college—is, however, by no means all that constitutes the debt of St. Louis to our departed friend. For nearly forty years he was the pastor of the Church of the Messiah, and what he did as such would alone be enough to endear him to tens of thousands. His tender considerateness, his warm and ready sympathy with suffering in all its forms, his generous assistance, given with a lavish hand (by this man, so parsimonious to himself) whenever he saw a need—these were his characteristics. And of the volume of such benefactions it is believed

that no mortal can form an estimate. No one observed more religiously than he the precept not to let his right hand know the good deeds of his left. Those who received his bounty were in many, nay, in most cases, ignorant of its source; and the present writer only knows by accident some few of such acts. Still more precious was his warm sympathy to those in affliction, not evinced in a formal, artificial fashion, but with that genuine feeling which more than anything else alleviates the burden of the mourner. These were some of the admirable traits of him who is no more.

"The wonder has often been expressed that one of so slight a physical frame could accomplish what seemed more than an arduous task for the strongest; and men talked of his strong will as if to some abnormal trait of character he owed an unnatural power for overcoming obstacles. What lay at the root of all that distinguished him from the herd of self-indulgent men was his acute perception of what was right, his unfaltering resolution to do what duty demanded, at whatever seeming cost, and in particular, not to spare himself in carrying out that determination. Men with principles and practice like these often seem to work miracles; but courage, honesty and clear intelligence are the wonder-working agents. These are seldom found in such a happy combination as was the case with this great benefactor of this city. She owes to him the gratitude due to lofty purposes, unflagging energy, sagacious counsel, warm-hearted sympathy and generosity, employed in her service for more than fifty years.

T. T. G."

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

In an article upon Channing in the *Christian Union* last month—one of an interesting series upon "Leaders of Thought in the Modern Church"—Rev. Reuben Thomas regards Dr. A. P. Peabody, whose ministry and friendly intercourse with the students are among the pleasant memories of our Cambridge days, as—"almost the only living representative of the Channing type of New England clergy." After expressing the opinion that if James Freeman Clarke and Edward Everett Hale "could be rolled into one, you would have Channing" (!), Dr. Thomas says, yet in a very kindly way: "I am obliged to express my fear that the younger men who bear the name of Unitarian are, most of them, far away from the simple faith in Jesus Christ, and the noble and intelligent benevolence of Channing. It is not for me, however, to judge living men. I only give my impression." All the same, we are glad that these two elder brothers, known and beloved of us all, cannot be "rolled into one." We like them better apart. We suspect, too, that the product thus obtained would be at the sacrifice of some individual excellences in each, and disappointing in the whole. The thought suggests dear Jeremy Taylor's illustration of the Greek artist that combined in his picture the eye of Chione, and the hair of Paegnium, and Tarsia's lip, and the forehead of Delphia, and Philenium's chin, and set all these upon Milphidippa's neck, thinking thus to outdo art and nature. But the picture was not a success, for lack of proper proportions, and striking excellences were found to have been sacrificed in unnatural combinations.

But we allude to Dr. Thomas's interesting article more particularly for its reference to the implied theological defection of "the younger men who bear the name of Unitarian" from the position of Channing.

The remark is not new to our ear. Indeed, we think we have heard something like it several times before. It reminds us of a remark of Mr. Murray some years ago in his Park street pulpit: "Channing never dreamed of a Frothingham"—which called out the apt retort of Dr. Bartol, "Griffin never dreamed of a Murray." Whatever changes thought within the Unitarian fellowship has undergone since Channing occupied his Boston pulpit, they have scarcely been greater than those which have taken place in the folds that then would have no fellowship with him

and such as thought with him. There is no more reason why "the younger men" should still pitch their tents upon Channing's intellectual camping-ground than there is for our orthodox Congregational friends to settle permanently where the founders of Andover Seminary had their camp. Channing's thought was not a finality, even to himself; still less would he have counted it such for others. Intellectually he held himself constantly subject to marching orders, and before his death he deprecated what he felt to be a disposition to change the temporary Unitarian encampment into a permanent and walled town. The *Christian Union*, in which Dr. Thomas's article appears, could not in Channing's time have been published within any fold called "orthodox." There has been an advance (as we think) all along the lines, in spite of the disposition on the part of many at every step to cry "Halt!" and drive stakes. Meanwhile the exact types of the past, however excellent, we cannot reproduce except we can reproduce all the conditions of that past. But we can love and admire what was lovable and admirable in those types, and we have to-day's opportunity and to-day's guidance to make our lives worth living to-day, and worth the having lived when we are bidden hence and give place to others.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

F. L. H.

THE UNIVERSALISTS.

It has been generally supposed that our friends of the Universalist denomination had got over the *Sturm und Drang* period of biblical criticism, if they ever had it, and were pretty comfortably settled down upon the foundation of textual authority as the sufficient guaranty of all their doctrines. In other words, we had come to regard all Universalism as "orthodox Universalism", judging from such authoritative statements as had come to our notice. An article in *The Christian Leader* of January 20, however, sharply challenges this view, and speaks of a state of things far from fixed and satisfactory. The author arraigns "orthodox Universalism" for its inconsistency, and writes with a great deal of concern and feeling in behalf of a religious phraseology purified of doctrinal terms no longer expressive of the highest truths of reason, even though found in the Bible itself. He seems to have reached the stage in which Dr. Orville Dewey found himself when for the truth's sake he was obliged to discard many venerable words, though they had always been used in the Christian teachings.

We certainly were not prepared for such implications as the language of his communication contains in such passages as these. He says: "The unsettled and varying condition of biblical exegesis has created in many the suspicion that our best scholars are hesitating about the genuineness of much of the Gospel literature." And he appeals to those who are in any sense emancipated from the letter: "Let us abandon the puerile habit of playing on words and making rank orthodoxy interpret, in its inconsistency of theology, a beautiful law of progress; let us not squeeze or steal a meaning from a religious term which will make us guilty of literary piracy." He declares that "We [Universalists] shall never be the prophets of the future and the noblest defenders of rational Christianity, we shall never gain the reputation of truth-seekers and believers, until we eliminate from our Sunday-school literature what we preach against in our pulpit", etc.

All which we approve, of course. But does not this go to show that this spirit of differentialism and development is not confined to Andover, or Judaism, or Unitarians; but everywhere the effort is renewed to reconcile *thought* and *word*, so as to make the language sincere; which we may believe is the preliminary step toward reconciling *thought* and *deed*, so as to make the life whole and true. L.

Contributed Articles.

A CASEMENT AND A TOMB.

I. THE LETTER.

You bade us look (she writes from Italy)
On Casa Guidi windows, and one tomb
Among the foreign graves which holds the dust
That shrined of old a perfect soul of song.
Ah, friend, we passed the casement oft,—till now
Dared never tell you of it. See, they stand,
These windows, in a row across the front
Of a dull house, one of a long, grim row,
Close to the narrow street, facing—toward what?
Another row as ugly as itself.
No tree, no flower, no grass; not e'en a scent
Of the "Boboli gardens" some few squares away,
Nor hint of the art treasures which are stored
Near by in the Pitti palace, here are found.
O, there are dainty villas rose embowered
Not far away, and there are palaces,
Stately and picturesque, in easy reach!
But she—your sovereign lady of song—dwelt *here*,
Here in the very heart of commonplace.
You'll say I mock the poetry (I fear)
Out of your best illusions!

Take the facts.

As for the tomb, we saw one as we passed
The gates, the hugest, clumsiest of all,
Quite in the graveyard's center, with no flower,
Not e'en a spear of grass to lend it grace;
And this, the warden told us, was her grave—
Your poet's! Ay, we thought of you, and said:
"Poor heart! is this the shrine she fain would seek?
Better she saw it not than found it thus."

II. THE ANSWER.

Why, this is as it should be. Had she dwelt
In luxury, learned listless palace ways
Of soulless ease and selfish idleness,
What had her name been to us, think you, more
Than *any* idler's? She was woman, then,
Not spirit wholly?—had her household cares
And petty worries, yearnings unfulfilled
For grace and beauty in her daily life?—
So, she grows dearer!

In each age our Lord

Doth cloister certain souls, sets them apart,
Shut in by bounds of His own wisdom fixed,
To work some great task for Him and mankind;
For, left to its own will, the artist soul
Drifts idly with the tide, or goes astray
Down pleasant paths that end in the morass.
But celled, shut in, barred fast, at first it beats
In passionate remonstrance 'gainst the bars,—
As some wild bird new caught will lash the cage
With angry wings; but if it cease to war
Against its fate (man's name for providence!).
And calmly question: "What is set to do
Within these limits?"—lo, a miracle!
The spirit reaches farther than the clay,
The soul sheds off its husk and singing soars
Beyond all bars into the infinite.
You'll say I mock you with vain fancies. Still,
Set this beside your facts; for, mark you now,
This is the inner truth within the facts,
The soul beyond mere symbol.

For the tomb:

What need hath she of marble cenotaph
Or of memorial brasses?—she, whose song
Is her best monument! Within our hearts
We 'grave her dear loved name, and shrine her deep.
When next you seek the place, I pray you bear

No woven wreath of soulless immortelles,
Nor e'en the laurel crown or victor palm:
But just a handful of gray olive leaves
And one fresh glowing deep-red rose, heart's-love,
Heart's peace to symbol,—lay them there for me.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

CINCINNATI, December 31, 1886.

SUNDAY.

An illustration of the power which ecclesiastical enactments, supposed to be of supernatural origin, have over some minds is seen in the artificial attitude that so often obtains in reference to the observance of Sunday. There are those for whom this day is hedged in with meaningless formalities and arbitrary restraints, and to whom it brings no opportunity nor revelation, and we do not wonder that many go to their work on Monday glad to be free again; they go, some of them, to a struggle with existence that demands all their strength of body, mind and soul, and for them there is no holy-day in all the seven,—no sacred moment when the soul has caught an inspiration, no time when bird or flower or snowy miracle has been other than flesh and blood, or mute, insensate matter, no solemn hour when they who bear life's burdens together have found the freedom and the time to read into and out of each other's hearts the meanings which might draw them closer to one another.

This is not as it should be. The day exists as an expression of human needs, and to satisfy those needs and the question of its use is a natural and human question.

By all of its associations, even in our own past, the day seems fitted for calm enjoyment and reverent thought and action; frivolity does not seem to be consistent with our interpretation of its spirit. But this is a matter of association, of taste and refinement, of personal development and spiritual growth; when we consider questions of right and wrong we find no difference in days. That which it is wrong to do on Sunday is wrong for any other day. Man's relation to moral principles is not changed with the changing of the days.

This one day in seven is not the only day when men can worship God, but in it may be gained inspiration and strength which will enable them to make the week-day work partake more and more of the spirit of worship. It is a day for home associations to grow into those deeper meanings and sweeter tendernesses which shall go like the hush of a benediction into the hurry and work of the week. It is a day for re-creation, for change, for rest, wherein the soul may hear the word of God, not alone from human lips in temples men have built, but from the countless hosts that voice his thoughts in the vast temple of creation, and by those who understand these voices no place where God has left the glory of his presence will be deemed unworthy of even the best hours of those who bear his image.

When we have learned how natural and how good a thing is this day, when we have learned rightly to appreciate its privileges and use its opportunities—then we shall realize more fully the sacredness of all other days.

H.

UPWARD-LOOKINGS FOR MORNING HOURS.

[Used in the Religious Services of the Unitarian Society, Geneva, Illinois.]

I.

Through love, to the Source of Love we fain would look, and, finding the Highest Love, would strive to attain thereto.

Pressed upon, on every side, by the mighty forces of the universe, which, looked at largely, are progressive and helpful, we strive to go back of them all, beyond them all, to search out the eternal spirit which is their origin, and, entering into communion therewith, be blessed and prospered. Beauty and bounty surround us; order and progress are before our eyes, the signs of the normal way of all true working. May we put away, therefore, all evil from us; all that results in pain and sorrow and remorse; all that

holds men back; all that brings degradation and death, and seek for the things of the Highest Life;—working, not *against* the progressive, helpful Orders of Things, but with that order: working together with the eternal, developing Energy—in the upbuilding and perfecting of our bodies, in the cultivation of our minds, in the elevation of our spiritual natures.

May we all be blessed and helped in the Upward Way. May we do our part to cleanse the world, to relieve it of its sorrows; to do away with all those things which work ruin to men. May we feel that the world *can* be made sweeter and cleaner and better; that men *can* be brought to where they will see that purity and temperance and righteousness are the normal and proper states; and that passion and *impurity* and *intemperance* work nothing but pain and loss. May we do what we can to reveal to men that they cannot fight the highest things and the best things and meet anything but defeat—dust and ashes, anguish and suffering. Thus will all men be blessed.

May the sorrowing, to-day, find joy out of their pain; may the bereaved find gain in their loss; may the earnest find trust in their doubt. May the true Commonwealth of Man—of peace, and of faith in the Eternal Progress—come speedily to pass. Amen.

MY CREED.

They have some truth, whatever faith confessing,
Who follow in the way that Duty leads;
The simple souls and faithful find a blessing
In all the creeds;
He has the noblest faith, no creed confessing,
Who writes his faith in deeds.

We still, with vision prone, the truth dividing,
Read what the letter, not the spirit sayeth;
Still in the old, time-honored creeds is hiding
Fear's awful wraith;
Yet human hearts can find no peace abiding
Save in the ampler faith;—

That all earth's pilgrim souls, nor unforgiven,
Whatever devious ways their feet have trod,
Purged of each gross desire, by sorrow shriven,
Love's chastening rod,
Or soon or late, in the wide courts of Heaven,
Shall find their home in God.

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

DENOMINATIONAL PRIDE.

It was Channing, I think, who maintained, in those days when Unitarianism was taking on a visible form, that the beautiful idea of Unitarianism might be so constructed or explained by the church organization that denominational diplomacy would take the place of truth seeking, and sectarianism of persevering and anxious truth telling. I hardly think that the prophecy has been fulfilled, nor do I believe that the tendency of the Unitarian Church has been or is toward crystallization. There are forces in all churches working not only to form and reform the opinions and creeds of men, but also to fix men to certain stereotyped or intellectual standards of belief. And we find this thing going on among liberal as well as among orthodox denominations. Young men are hushed the moment they free themselves of a denominational collar or essay to strike out upon unbeaten or original paths of thought, and old men are regarded as a trifle insane when they break from the fetters of ecclesiasticism and tell the little they know of truth. The ape-like methods of imitation which pass for solid or genuine religious fervor or intellectual culture are seen on all sides, and it is an imposition to suppose that such hypocrisy is accepted by the thinkers or even the ignorant pew holders as consistent preaching and honest life. The necessity of preachers to keep within the circumference of

their church and not skirmish all over the pastoral fields of life has the effect to make organizations strong, but men weak, insipid and hypocritical in many instances. Now, I want to strike a blow at all churches that boast of position and that wish the world to know that they preach the truth. Can a church hold such a position in the world that forever cries out through the denominational organs, such as the press or pulpits, that it has all of truth? Is not that church the wisest, most sincere and the best that is ever open to truth—ready to accept it—willing to preach it? It matters a good deal what our profession is, for by it is life to a great degree measured. I fear that we are and have been too proud of our organizations. When the churches come to realize that the only consistent position they can hold is that of truth-seeking—then and not till then will denominational pride be set aside and the church universal become indeed the very academy of Plato in which the lovers of truth from all parts of the world can meet, to talk over and learn about the wonderful things of God. Then will there be one people with one God, laboring for the erection of that kingdom which will include in its mighty sway every anxious, thoughtful searcher for knowledge in the world. When will we cease blowing denominational soap-bubbles or building sectarian air castles?

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

The Study Table.

Art and Life: a Ruskin Anthology. Compiled by William Sloane Kennedy. New York: John B. Alden, publisher.

History of Ancient Egypt. By George Rawlinson, M.A. In two volumes. New York: John B. Alden, publisher.

Nothing need be said about Rawlinson's work as to its value or reputation; nothing also about Ruskin, from whom the Anthology above-named is drawn. This Anthology is in five parts, namely, Art, Social Philosophy, The Conduct of Life, Science, Nature and Literature. Under these general heads the quotations are gathered into chapters having special subjects. The book has four illustrations, two portraits of Ruskin, and a view of his house and of the interior of his study. There is an index of ten pages, also an appendix enumerating Ruskin's writings in classified groups, with the dates of first publication. The Rawlinson is very well made also, with the notes and lists of authors quoted and an index.

We cannot chronicle these books, otherwise meritorious, without saying a word against the system by which they are put forth. We take our stand fairly and squarely on the righteousness and need of international copyright. If an author's thoughts and his expression of them be his rightful property anywhere, they cease not rightfully to be his property by transportation any number of miles. Mr. Alden's enterprise in setting forth his works cheaply, and dealing so directly with the people as to enable him to do it by large sales, we will find no fault with. If he is able therewith to prove, even in a small degree, that the middle buyers and retailers may be dispensed with by the people, we see not how any class properly can complain. But there are enough estimable classics, which by lapse of time have become the property of the world, for Mr. Alden to exercise his enterprise on without invading the domain of a living author's rightful property. We confess that when we receive such valuable literature on Mr. Alden's basis, it is with a very uncomfortable feeling of being party in some way to the shameful fact of getting something for nothing.

J. V. B.

The Sleeping World, and Other Poems. By Lillien Blanche Fearing. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth. 116 pp. \$1.

The number of new books poured forth day by day, with no prospect of any diminution in the supply, is becoming appalling to the serious-minded. It is not possible that all

of this multitude who rush so madly into print should have felt the call that "will not be denied", and the consequence is an inundation of mere words which threatens to overwhelm us. The little book before us is a fair sample of the problem which confronts the conscientious reader or reviewer. Apparently a record of the best thoughts and aspirations of a woman high-minded and poetically inclined, presented to us in the dainty dress for which the exquisite work of some Eastern publishers has created a demand, it is pleasant enough reading. As is often the case, the poem which gives title to the collection is by no means the best; we consider "The Heart's Bitterness", "My Angel and I", "The Dead Hero", or even the three tender little verses entitled "Let Him Sleep", seeming more worthy of special notice. Yet notwithstanding the good qualities of these we mention, we fail to see whereon the author bases her claim to be heard as a poet. Her verses, though not devoid of fancy, lack the heart ring of individuality or a deep experience; nor is this want supplied by any appreciative choice of those melodious forms which sometimes beguile us into forgetting the imperfect thought. Why, then, should we be asked to listen to this "uncertain sound" which can neither guide nor teach, while voices which can rouse the very soul of man and will never die into silence, wait in vain for our attention?

We do not intend to be understood as singling out this volume, in itself considered, as particularly deserving of harsh criticism [with a broader knowledge, its author may perhaps justify her poetic aspirations], but as one of many such books constantly coming to our notice, we cannot afford to let it pass without entering our protest against the "petty dust" which threatens "our soon choked souls to fill."

S.

Familiar Quotations from Latin Authors, with English Translations. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: 9 Lafayette Place.

Familiar Quotations from Greek Authors, with English Translations. By Craufurd Tait Ramage, LL.D. London: George Routledge & Sons. New York: 9 Lafayette Place.

These volumes are a collection of classical quotations in the five-volume collection of quotations published by George Routledge & Sons, three volumes of which we have noticed previously. The Latin and Greek have each a volume to themselves. The alphabetical arrangement follows the names of the authors, which make the running heads of the pages. Each author is treated in a brief biographical notice. The works, chapters, etc., where the quotations are to be found are plainly given. All the quotations are translated; and these volumes are distinguished, moreover, by frequent notes giving parallel passages from other literatures and languages. There are two indexes of authors, one alphabetically arranged, the other chronological, giving time of birth and death. There are two indexes to each volume. In the Latin volume the indexes are Latin and English. In the Greek volume the indexes are English, one being an index of passages from the Bible illustrated in the work. It was thought, apparently, that a Greek index was unnecessary; but the quotations in the volume are in Greek letters, of course. The English indexes in both volumes are topical, and filling fifty pages in the Latin volume and twenty-five in the Greek. After this description it is unnecessary to speak again of the value of these works both to scholars and general readers. The whole five volumes constitute a veritable treasure-house and dictionary of great and pregnant sayings from seven literatures.

J. V. B.

Hymns of the Higher Life. Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight. Cloth, sm. octavo, pp. 224.

On the score of devotional interest, purely, this collection ranks with the best religious anthologies; but in respect to that element in which no collection of hymns that are not hymns in the commonly understood sense, but rather verses, should be wanting—the poetical element—

it ranks with the poorest. The writers represented are nearly all of the Watts, Doddridge, Toplady type, though there are a few pieces by Herbert, Bonar, Madame Guyon, Lyle, Miss Kimball, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Barbauld, Lucy Larcom and Mary Clemmer Hudson, in which an approach to the poetical is made. There is agreeable variety in both subject and authorship. But few lines appear without the writers' names. The compiler should have ascertained the names of those authors from whom he selects, crediting to initials or newspapers. The only hint which the book affords of its editorship is in the signature to the "Introduction", "B. K. P.", evidently a clergyman, of Randall's Island. The doctrinal phase of the work is Trinitarian.

E. R. C.

New Songs and Ballads. By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The best songs in this collection of forty-seven "songs and ballads" are "The Song of May" (one of the rarest of songs for the young), "Roses", "Summer's Decay" and "A Question" (which appeared first in the *Independent*, entitled "Oh, Was it I, or Was it You?"), and the best ballads, "The Princess's Holiday" and "The Children's Cherry-Feast". We find little worthy of praise, indeed, in the remaining pieces. "Too Late" is impressive, and has been much quoted, but it is prosy, and "The Day Lily", though sweet in thought, is slight and inartistic. Had Miss Perry not written "The Song of May"—rather the most poetical thing we have seen from her pen—we should be inclined to say that she writes better in ballad form than in any other.

E. R. C.

Schoolroom Games and Exercises. By Elizabeth G. Bainbridge. Chicago and Boston: Interstate Publishing Co. pp. 135. 75 cents.

An attractively devised manual of mental exercises and games which will be welcomed by those having charge of young and active minds. Collected from different sources and adapted to different ages, it will be found useful to suggest methods of relief from the severer work of school or interest and amusement for the long winter evenings.

S.

The Dome.

WALLS OF DARKNESS.

The imaginations of children and of child-like races, that is, primitive nations who knew so little about the earth that even the grown-up persons were like children—the imagination, I say, of such persons and nations is very daring. Indeed, it stops at nothing. It invents anything, and so easily and swiftly that it does not know it is inventing. It sees what it dreams or what it invents so plainly that this seems to be beheld by the eye; and the people believe their own fancies just as they believe in animals, trees, clouds, rivers, or whatever else they see. Now, for example, it is a daring idea that darkness, which is only absence of light, can be like a substance and make a wall just as if it were stone. I think it a fine idea, too, a kind of splendid dream, that any precious thing is surrounded by a wall of darkness, a thick fleece or shade through which none can walk. Now, Mandeville has such a story; it is this: Once, many centuries ago, a large company of Christians who were traveling together were pursued furiously by a Persian king with an army. He wished to destroy the Christians. Foaming with hatred, followed by soldiers raging for spoil and for cruel sport, he came up with the Christians and was about to fall on them, when a great miracle was wrought. Instantly the Christians disappeared. They sunk not into the earth, nor were caught up into the heavens, nor simply vanished as if they melted into the air; but a wall of darkness suddenly cut them off from their foes so that no more they could be seen. When the soldiers attempted to go through the darkness they

found it very thick, and such black night that no man could see his own hand close to his eyes, nor any man find his neighbor, though but a pace distant, so that they wandered around in the thick darkness until they fell exhausted and were seen no more. The dark wall never lifted. There it stood, and whoever came upon the great plain beheld a vast piece of it cut right out and made invisible. Inside the wall the Christians continued to live. They grew and multiplied, building themselves a city. Mandeville says that many times men had tried to cut through the darkness, but never any one had succeeded, but all had wandered about helplessly and perished. But from inside the wall men could hear happy voices, cheerful songs, sounds of music and of labor; and on the waters of a river which flowed out of the darkness through the plain they often found floating some utensils and bits of things which showed, as well as the sounds, that men were living inside the wall of night.

Is this a true story? Surely it is. When did ever the human heart invent false things if left to itself in the simplicity of childhood? But did such a thing really happen? Was a great chamber of darkness suddenly made in the midst of a plain, staying there forever? Surely not. Things happen not in that way on this earth. Our own Bible and all other scriptures and pious books of early ages say that things happened in that manner; but these are the pious dreams of men when they are only like children, afar back in the early life of the race. We know that all things move on the earth and in the sky according to beautiful and holy laws, which are so steady, so perfect, so divine that always we can count on them and rest on them, and they fail us not. For these laws are but God's ways of working; and as always he works as is best, so always in the same way.

How, then, is this story of the dark wall true? Why, it is the childlike way of saying a great truth, which now, having grown older, we utter otherwise. The story says: "There is infinite power and goodness behind all things and in all things. Nothing exists or moves apart from this infinite and holy One, and he is always acting for the good and against evil." Now, in very ancient days men felt this power all about them, but they did not know how to think of it or speak of it. They felt that it was in everything, and yet understood not how that could be; so they made many different powers, one to live in the trees and take care of them, which they called Dryad, and another to live in the waters and make them flow, which they called Naiad; another to live in the ocean—him they called Neptune; another in the sun—him they called Apollo; another in all the air and sky—he was the greatest of all, called Jove. Each of these powers took special care of his own place, whether a tree, a brook, a river, or the great ocean, sun and atmosphere. After a long time men learned that all these powers which seemed different were only one power, and then they gave it the one holy name, God. But still for a long time they thought he acted just as the many powers acted, going about looking at things, and doing something here and something there as was needed, working wondrous signs and miracles to keep things in order or to preserve goodness and truth. This faith is the meaning of all such stories as the dark wall. It is the way the childlike people expressed this great and happy faith. We have the same faith; but we know now that God has ways and powers to defend goodness and to destroy evil,—ways and powers, I say, which are so grand, so perfect that there is no need and no place for dark walls or any other miracles, for all nature is full of wonder and full of God.

There are stories in our own Bible like this dark wall. A great darkness over Egypt was one of the ten plagues, but where the Israelites were there was light. Also a darkness fell on the land for some hours when Jesus was crucified—so we read. These stories show that the walls of darkness were simply like words in a language, used in different places to express the same thing, namely, that God lives in all nature and is the power, life and motion of it.

J. V. B.

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James W. Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John R. Efinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin R. Champlin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tamba Lyche, Celia P. Woolley, Emma Endicott Moreau, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—A pleasant variety to the ordinary teachers' meeting occurred last Monday in the leading by Mrs. West, in lieu of the ministerial succession which generally occupies the chair. The lesson was a review of the life and times of Jeremiah, in which dramatic elements of Josiah's Jahvistic reformation, Manasseh's secular reaction, the invading Babylon and the resisting Egypt were presented. Jeremiah's personality is more clearly defined than that of any other of the Old Testament prophets. His large insight into the real situation, political and religious, of his day; his bold resistance to the narrow though patriotic views of his own people, were commented upon. It was said that in religion he was a stalwart; in politics he was a liberal. It was noted that the people, when affairs went against the predictions of the more complacent prophets, lost their faith in Jehovah rather than in his short-sighted prophets. This discussion and the previous lesson show how hard, fragmentary, and to children, at least, uninteresting is the book of Jeremiah when studied without the helps of collateral history, and the setting of it in the time and spirit of the age. But when thus vivified how interesting and attractive it becomes, even to quite young children.

—Rev. John Visher gave Mr. Blake a labor of love last Sunday, a welcome and timely relief to a hard-working man.

—It is estimated that there were a thousand people at the Central Music Hall last Sunday night,—the largest audience yet. The Mendelssohn Choral Club, with a chorus of twenty-five voices, led the singing. This first series of seven meetings will demonstrate the possibility of a down-town audience, made up of the most hopeful material, largely composed of thoughtful young men and women who certainly have no connection with any of the more liberal churches of the city, and probably no vital connection with any church. It will be a pity if these services cannot be continued. It remains yet to be seen whether the unknown friends whose generosity has made this series possible, or others, are willing to make the continuation possible by meeting the expenses of the hall. If the friends of liberal thought and practical religion realize this opportunity we think the services will be continued.

—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association held its last meeting at Unity church on Thursday, January 27th. The President, Mrs. Heywood, occupied the chair, and there were about 150 ladies present. Some miscellaneous

business was transacted, after which Rev. Augusta J. Chapin read a very able paper, the topic of which was "The Place of Emotion in Moral and Religious Life". Mrs. Remick, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. West, Mrs. Boyerson, Mrs. Utter and others took part in the discussion which followed. The meeting adjourned at the usual time, to meet February 24th at the Church of the Messiah.

MRS. E. A. DELANO, Sec'y.

Unity Club.—The following programme for the Unity Club at East Saginaw has just been published for the year. We print it entire as a sample of a happy combination of science and literature. Other clubs may find topics worth copying:

First evening—The Habits and Customs of the English People.

Second—What was the origin of the salt in Michigan? Why is there none in the Upper Peninsula? In what manner is salt produced for commerce in different parts of the world?

Third—Dickens—His early life and education—What influence did it have on his writings?

Fourth—What was the origin of the iron and copper in the Upper Peninsula?

Fifth—Were the novels of Dickens novels of purpose? If so, what special purposes can be mentioned, as illustrated by his different works?

Sixth—What was the origin of the so-called natural gas at Port Huron? How does it differ from artificial gas? What is likely to be the effect of the use of artificial gas upon the use of natural gas and coal?

Seventh—Do Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes" correctly portray American manners? The truthfulness of his pictures of English compared with the truthfulness of his pictures of American manners; are they more truthful in one than in the other?

Eighth—How did Michigan coal originate?

Ninth—Did Dickens paint real pictures of life or caricatures? What do you regard as his most striking picture, and why?

Tenth—What was the origin of the Bay Port stone; and why is it burned before it is used for lime?

Eleventh—What characters of Dickens are most likely to be long remembered, and why?

Twelfth—Why should the Saginaw Valley be freer from cyclones than Kansas and Dakota? Why has the Saginaw Valley a less extreme climate than other places of the same latitude in the Northern United States?

Thirteenth—Which is Dickens' best work, and why?

Fourteenth—Are the spring freshets in the Saginaw Valley likely to increase or decrease in height? How are forests, floods and rainfalls related?

Fifteenth—What were Dickens' chief excellencies and his gravest defects?

Sixteenth—What are the various forms of water; under what conditions does it take on different forms, and what has been and is their effect on the Saginaw Valley?

Seventeenth—What can be said of Dickens as a poet? Was Dickens famous as a wit? Are there many witty passages in his works? Present familiar quotations from Dickens.

Eighteenth—Why are there few pebbles and rocks in Saginaw county? What is the probable history of our valley clay deposits, and by what means have occasional boulders been placed in them?

Nineteenth—Did Dickens deteriorate in the latter part of his life? What can be said of the permanency of his works and their influence?

Twentieth—Do pine trees have flowers? If so, are they like or unlike the flowers of the beach and maple? Are plants, like animals, male and female, or have they no sex? How do ferns differ from roses?

Cincinnati.—The "Annual" of the Unitarian church of this place, which appears promptly after the annual meeting in January, is before us. From it we learn that the "down-town property" is to be disposed of to the city for \$33,000, and a new church is about to be built "out on the hills" in the resident portion of the city. The society is out of debt; the Unity Club continues to be one of the most active and missionary organizations of the kind in the west; and Mr. Thayer in his admirable minister's report thus prefigures his dreams for its future. It is an ideal as desirable in other cities as in Cincinnati: "If the ought to be could be made the reality, I should rejoice to see our Unity Club become the nucleus of a down-town association, which should have an assembly room open through the week for various sorts of lectures, studies of music and other recreative and industrial classes, and upon Sunday for the preaching of a religion and morality suited to the capacity and needs of all sorts of people, with an occasional secular lecture, like those of the theater Sunday afternoon Unity course. Preaching, pure and simple, will not lay hold of the city multitude; but reasonable religion, blended in just

proportion with other instruction, and with an opportunity held out to those who are willing to lend a hand in a cause of public service, to work in the building up of an association such as does not now exist in our city, might satisfy the demands for a down-town liberal church, and do something larger besides."

Denver, Col.—Our new church is now nearly completed externally, and as its walls have risen, giving us architectural beauty, our pastor, Rev. Mr. Van Ness, has given from his pulpit broad truths, with an enthusiasm that has proved contagious. He has nearly completed a series of sermons aiming to show what the church of the future will probably be; to find a religious basis that cannot be shaken; one that will bring back to men's hearts something of the old-time rapture. Though the coming religion will probably be called Christian, it will be very unlike that of the present day. The Unitarian Church may be the mouth-piece of this religion, standing as it does for freedom and individuality, but it will be eclectic, a fusion of the best in Christianity, science, philosophy and humanity, and love will be the most important factor. The Women's Auxiliary meetings grow in interest, and its members feel that "culture is the handmaid of religion". The Aid Society, true to its name, is energetic in raising funds for the new organ, and directing the social life of the church.

II.

Philadelphia.—A wholesale surrender of pulpits to the unusual is noted among the liberals to-day, February 6th. Ames has exchanged with Haskell in the morning; Gannett discourses for him in the evening; Weston has gone to St. Louis; Dr. Furness is taking Mr. May's place; Mr. Haskell was train-stayed last Sunday evening, and the Unity Church of Camden would have been without a preacher, had not Mrs. Haskell, with a general's pluck, made good the place, to the surprise and delight of the audience.

—The Camden Church is fast approaching completion; the dedication ceremonies are put for the 16th. The house for the minister is built in connection.

—The new club has finally got a name, "The Contemporary". Among its officers are Mrs. Ames, Frances Emily White and the new pastor, all known to UNITY readers.

—Mr. Clifford is celebrating his fourth anniversary to-day.

Leominster, Mass.—Rev. E. B. Payne was installed as pastor of the First Congregational church of this place on the 2d inst. The sermon was preached by E. W. Young; the Charge to the pastor by Calvin Stebbins; the right hand of fellowship, Rev. W. H. Pierson, the newly-elected pastor contributing a hymn, in which the "Sacred Art" is thus interpreted:

"May that art be to bring God near,
To quicken hope, t'illumine the way,
To deepen life and manhood rear,
And lead us toward the perfect day.

"Inspire Thou us to render aid,
To bear, in all, a helpful part:
And may these noble ends be made
The objects of each loyal heart."

East Saginaw.—A recent number of the *Morning Herald* of this place contains the following encouraging news:

—"Rev. Rowland Connor stated to his congregation at the close of his sermon Sunday morning that the number of subscribing members of the society had almost doubled since the beginning of the society's financial year, and that nearly 150 new seatings in the church had been rented during the past six weeks. He regarded these facts as gratifying and decided evidences of a very solid revival.

St. Paul.—Unity church has recently been touched both by joy and sorrow: in the golden wedding of Mrs. De Graw, truly a mother in Israel, and the loss of Mr. Jackson, in whose

death the church will miss a model officer. The society has indicated its practical sense and progressive independence in the recent election of Miss Susie Beals as a member of the Board of Trustees, the first woman to occupy such a position. Let other societies go and do likewise. Both pastor and people are happy in their new relations. Mr. and Mrs. Crothers are welcomed everywhere with pleasure.

Wisconsin.—Rev. Joseph Waite is so thoroughly appreciated by the Janesville people that they have raised his salary \$300 per annum lately. He is still filling two pulpits—preaching at Janesville in the morning and at Baraboo in the evening.

—No liberal services are being held at Cooksville just at present, but the little society there looks forward to a season of fresh inspiration by and by.

Announcements.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milsted. Services at 10:45 A.M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. J. V. Blake, minister. Sunday morning at 10:45, the first of three sermons on "Religion as Related to the Elements of Time"; first sermon on "The Past"; Sunday evening lecture at 7:30, "The Wit of Jesus." Tuesday, February 15, meeting of Literary Club. Wednesday, at 4 P.M., February 16, meeting of the Charity Section. Friday evening, February 18, Longfellow Party.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, February 6, W. M. Salter will preach at 11 A.M.; subject, "Channing, A Prophet of the New Time." Sunday-school at 9:30 A.M. The Sunday-school will join with the school of the Church of the Messiah at the latter church in a Review of Jeremiah at 12:30 P.M. No evening service at the church. The Victor Hugo Section of the Unity Club meets Monday evening promptly at 8. Teachers' meeting Friday evening at 7:30. Mr. Jones will speak on "The Mission of Liberal Religion" before the "Ethical Culture Society" at the Madison Street Theatre, at 11 A.M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A.M. Sunday-school at 12:15. The Study section of the Fraternity meets Friday evening, February 11. Subject, "Washington Irving."

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93, Monday noon, February 14. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, State and Randolph streets. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will deliver the third of the following series of Four Sermons on

PRACTICAL PIETY.

January 30—"The Economies of Religion."
February 6—"Bread vs. Ideas."
February 13—"Present Sanctities."
February 20—"The Claims of the Children."

The music will be in charge of the Mendelssohn Choral Club. Doors open at 7:15; services begin promptly at 7:45 P.M. All are cordially invited.

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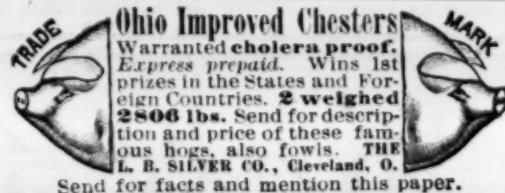
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